

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

L. M. GRIST & SONS, Publishers.

A Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the People.

TERMS: \$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1900.

NO. 76.

A ROMANCE OF THE RAIL.

By FREDERICK REDDALL.

Copyright, 1900, by Frederick Reddall. Illustrations by I. W. Taber.

EIGHTH DAY.

STRONG HEARTS AND WILLING HANDS.

It would be difficult to say who were the more surprised, Chester's friends or his enemies, when he was missed on that Monday morning. Dallan was clearly uneasy. He was very "ugly" and berated and abused every one unmercifully. Every foot of the cave was searched, and scouting parties were sent out along Bone gulch as far as the railroad spur without any trace of the fugitive being discovered. The gang dared not show themselves outside the gulch, for by this time Dallan knew that search parties would be patrolling the railroad track in quest of the lost cars.

Draper and his party knew not what to think. The consternation of the bandits was so evidently genuine that no suspicion of foul play was possible. They were forced to the same conclusion—that Chester had escaped. But how? None of them dreamed of the water course as a possible means of exit. So after a deal of bad language on the part of Dallan and his minions all hands, captors and captured, settled down to wait for Monday's sunset, before which hour it was futile to expect Filley's return with the money.

Slowly the long hours slipped away in the semidarkness of the cavern. The ladies bore up well under the circumstances, but the ordeal was a trying one, and Mrs. Hurst declared she should die if she had to spend another night there. Uncle John, as may be imagined, had his hands full.

Madge was perhaps the hardest to manage. She pestered him with questions, she imagined all sorts of horrors, she begged Dallan to "tell her the truth and not to keep her in suspense," to which appeal that worthy replied that he "hoped the blank-blank-blank idiot had broken his neck," whereupon Madge retorted with flashing eyes that the aforesaid Dallan was "a callous brute" and then burst into tears.

The last rays of daylight faded from the patch of sky visible from the mouth of the cave, and still no tidings of the messengers. Nine, 10, 11, 12 o'clock, and yet no news!

Dallan was getting furious. For the tenth time he put John Draper through a rude cross examination as to the possible causes of delay.

"I told you it was risky," the president quietly replied. "If there has been any slip up, I am not to blame, and I don't believe Filley has bungled." He tried to keep a "stiff upper lip" before both Dallan and the ladies, but his



Madge and her captor.

heart quaked within him, not at his own danger, but at the perils menacing those more dear to him than life itself. There was no telling to what lengths the villains would proceed if once they became convinced that their plans had miscarried, and what was one man against so many!

So in order to stave off the evil moment Draper professed to believe that the delay was not unreasonable and expressed it as his firm conviction that Filley and the money would turn up before morning. Yet in his own mind he feared that something had gone wrong. But he threw out a mental anchor to windward in nourishing the secret hope that young Ives had been successful in getting clear and that he would bring help of some sort. So it will be seen that on Chester Ives he really planned his faith and not unjustly, as the sequel proved.

Reuben Filley and his guards rode all Sunday night, and daybreak on Monday found them on the outskirts of Denver. Here they put up at a roadside saloon, where a team was hired to take Filley to the city and to which place he was to return with the money. He went straight to the bank and presented the draft as soon as the doors were opened, secured the cash and carefully disposed of the wad of bills in his inside pocket. Then he drove around to a livery stable, where he put up the horse and buggy, saying he would call for them again in the afternoon. Next he turned his steps to the Union depot, bought a ticket for San Francisco and boarded the first west bound train.

These treacherous moves were the result of some serious cogitations during his midnight ride. It was clear that he stood no chance to win Miss Granniss. It was also more than probable that his forgeries could not now be concealed, thanks to this crazy western trip. If John Draper got wind of these, then he, Reuben K. Filley, was a ruined rogue, and he could never show his face in New York again. With \$50,000 in cold cash he could start afresh in another country—Australia, for instance. He would disappear, and people could put any construction thereon that they liked. Most probably the two robbers would be blamed for it.

Weighing these pros and cons, the scoundrel felt no compunctions over the black treachery to the ladies and to Draper. His sole concern was to secure his own skin and feather his own nest at one and the same time. But not until his fingers closed on the money in front of the bank window was his mind fully made up.

The two members of the gang lay in seclusion all that Monday. By noon-time at furthest they calculated that Filley should have returned. But he came not. Still they lingered, alternately drinking and sleeping the afternoon hours away. Night came and with it the certainty that something had miscarried or that they were duped.

With black rage in their hearts they ordered their horses and as soon as darkness fell took the trail on the return to Bone gulch from their bootless errand. All that night they rode. Dawn was just breaking when they approached the vicinity of the robbers' retreat. All unconscious of danger, they were riding carelessly, their horses perforce proceeding at a walk, when out of the gloom ahead came the sharp challenge: "Halt! Who goes there?" accompanied by the rattling of carbines.

"Who the blank are you?" was the defiant response, and this betrayed them, to which came the quick retort: "Throw up your hands or you're dead men!" emphasized by a series of ominous clicks—sounds too well known by the marauders to need any repetition.

Letting fall the reins on their horses' heads, they elevated their hands on a level with their ears and in this posture made out a squad of dismounted cavalrymen drawn up across the trail. "Dismount!" came the command from Lieutenant Crosby, and, covered by the weapons of the troop, the crest-fallen villains slid out of their saddles as best they could, whereupon they were speedily searched, their pistols confiscated and their arms securely pinioned.

"Game's up, boys!" was the ironical salutation of the lieutenant.

"Well, you needn't be so blamed chipper about it," growled Leather Jack. "Tain't our fault. Jim just bit off more'n he cud chew, that's all!"

"See what comes o' trustin a tenderfoot," remarked Bill Root, expectorating savagely.

Lieutenant Crosby stood by, regarding their dismay and disgust with grim amusement.

"I suppose you know what you've got to expect?" he inquired dryly. "This means 20 years at least. We've got Jim Dallan and the whole lot of you just where we want you, and by this time tomorrow you'll all be in Arapahoe county jail."

"Will we?" sneeringly remarked Leather Jack, truculent to the last.

"Yes, and you are going to help," was the lieutenant's confident response.

"As how?" inquired Leather Jack in the same skeptical tone.

"By showing us the nearest way to that cave of yours and thereby earning a commutation of sentence for yourselves."

This cast a new light on the subject, and the two rascals looked inquiringly at each other. They realized that the game was up, as Lieutenant Crosby had said. Better make the best terms they could while the chance offered. A few minutes' reflection determined their choice.

"All right, lieutenant. We're with you," said Jack nonchalantly. Then: "Better leave them horses here. They're no good on this trail."

So the troop horses and Mr. William Root were left behind with two of the cavalrymen as guards, and at the order to march the men formed in single file, Leather Jack in front, followed by Lieutenant Crosby, pistol in hand, ready to shoot at the first sign of treachery. Then came Ben Gallup and Chester Ives, followed by the rest of the troop. In single file they proceeded noiselessly down a rocky and tortuous ravine. It was not yet bright daylight even on the heights above. Here in the hollows a slight mist added to the obscurity caused by the faint light. A more favorable moment for surprise and attack could not have been found.

In the cave at this hour all was silent. Worn out by the long vigil of the night before, during which the return

of Filley and his escort was momentarily looked and listened for, both prisoners and jailers were asleep. True, there was some pretense of keeping guard, but even those on watch were dozing. Dallan himself was sunk in slumber.

Suddenly the bright mouth of the cave, which faced the east, was darkened by a number of stalwart forms. The troopers had crept silently down the hidden approach and ranged themselves in line across the entrance. Once again rang out the frontier challenge to surrender:

"Throw up your hands!"

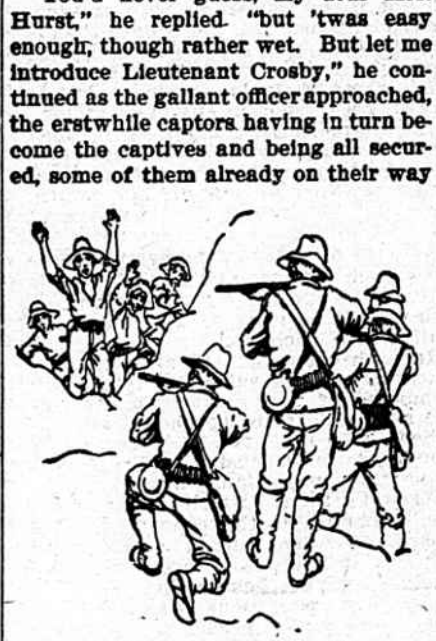
It was a complete surprise. Dallan himself was scarcely awake when he was pounced on by a couple of soldiers and dragged kicking, struggling and cursing into the daylight. Not a shot had been fired and hardly a blow struck, yet there was the notorious Dallan gang in the toils of Uncle Sam!

Chester Ives was among the first to rush into the interior, and in a few strides he was among his friends, with Miss Madge in his arms, her head on his shoulder and shaking hands with all the others. A great deal may be taken for granted at such a time.

"I knew you'd do it," she sobbed incoherently.

"However did you manage it, Mr. Ives?" inquired Mrs. Hurst, who tremulously beamed on the young man.

"You'd never guess, my dear Mrs. Hurst," he replied, "but 'twas easy enough, though rather wet. But let me introduce Lieutenant Crosby," he continued as the gallant officer approached, the erstwhile captors having in turn become the captives and being all secured, some of them already on their way



"Throw up your hands!"

to fall under a strong guard. "You must thank Lieutenant Crosby and his men for the rescue."

John Draper made due acknowledgments, and then more introductions followed, not forgetting Ben Gallup.

"What can have become of Reuben Filley?" queried Uncle John. "I hope no harm has befallen him."

"We've got his escorts," said Crosby, and they swear they haven't seen him since yesterday morning when he left them in Denver to proceed to the bank."

"Strange—very strange," remarked Draper. "But it may be that there was some difficulty over the money, though I did not anticipate any."

"Well, let us hope that you have saved your money and that he has saved his skin," laughed the lieutenant. Then he inquired:

"Now, Mr. Draper, what can I and my men do to help you further?"

"Why, the first thing is to get to Denver, I suppose," replied the railroad president, looking inquiringly at the ladies of the party as he spoke.

"By all means," replied Mrs. Hurst. "But we cannot go in this plight," she said, spreading out her hands and motioning toward the soiled and disordered dresses of herself and the two younger ladies.

"Cannot we get back to the Miranda?" inquired Miss Granniss.

"Oh, yes; do, Uncle John," begged Madge. "Then we can fix up and get something to eat and go into town in style after all."

"Why, my dear, I don't even know if the cars are where we left them. These villains may have wrecked them, or the railroad people may have discovered them and hauled them away," was the reply.

"Well, can't we go and see?" queried the irrepressible Madge. "We've only got to take the back track the way we came."

"Assuredly the best thing you can do, Mr. Draper," said Crosby, looking at the high spirited Madge with evident admiration. "Even if the cars are not there, that will be the easiest way for the ladies out of the gulch, and you'll then be within easy reach of the telegraph at Castle Rock."

So it was decided. The entire party set out, guided by Ben Gallup. Lieutenant Crosby had to make his adieus, his duty being with his command and the captives, promising to see them in Denver and assuring them that they were perfectly safe from further molestation. Ben knew the way blindfold and led them as straight as the uneven trail would permit to where the railroad spur terminated against the rocky wall of the canyon.

There, sure enough, rested the Miranda and the Pullman, dusty and travel stained, but otherwise, to all appearances, sound and unharmed.

"But how are we to get out of here?" queried Ives.

"That's an easy one," said Ben. "Some one must go up to Castle Rock and telegraph for an engine to pull you back to the main track."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth than round the upward bend of the track there appeared a hand car bearing half a dozen railroad laborers. At the sight of the two coaches they set up a shout and came pumping down the incline at a good speed. As

it turned out, they were part of the wrecking patrol sent out to look for the Miranda, whose total disappearance had kept the whole division on the jump since Sunday morning.

Crew after crew had passed the disused switch, but none had thought of searching there until that morning.

"We'll soon have you out of this," said the foreman. "All aboard, boys!" And off they went, six pairs of hands at the crank handles, and the way they made that hand car fly up the track was a sight to behold. In less than an hour a light engine backed slowly down, for the disused track was bad, and extreme caution was necessary, coupled on to the Pullman, and with a triumphant toot that woke all the echoes of Bone gulch the Miranda and her human freight went gliding off toward civilization once more.

In less than three hours they were at a hotel in Denver, and that night the papers contained two or three column articles, with big "scares heads," telling the story of the theft of the cars, the kidnapping of the railroad magnate and his party and the capture of the notorious Dallan gang.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Miscellaneous Reading.

DETAILS OF PEKIN'S FALL.

Bravery of the Japanese in Blowing Up the City Gates.

The steamer Empress of India, which arrived at Victoria, B. C., last Tuesday, from China and Japan, brought the first arrivals from the Chinese capital since the recent memorable incidents. One of those who arrived was Frederick Palmer, the war correspondent, who accompanied the allies on their march to relieve Pekin. He said the march was a very trying one, one of the worst he had ever seen. The beleaguered legations were in a much better condition when relieved than might have been expected. The appearance of the British legation grounds when the relieving force arrived, was more like that of a lawn party than a long besieged point.

The best narrative of the taking of Pekin in the accounts brought by the Empress, is undoubtedly that of Jijo Shimpos, a Japanese correspondent. He writes from Shimonesaki, as follows:

"On the day after the occupation of Tung Chow, the 13th, the Ninth Japanese Brigade, under the command of Major Shiro, moved on to that place with the Eleventh regiment in the van. Four hours later Ta Wa Chang was reached and scouts sent out. These drew the fire of the Chinese as they approached the walls of Pekin and there were some casualties. The scouts reported that the Boxers were beating drums inside the city and making preparations for resistance. At 11 a. m. the sound of vigorous firing was heard from the direction of the Tung Pien gate, to the attack of which the British, Russians and Americans advanced. The Japanese scouts in that direction reported that the Russians explained that this was not a genuine attack on the city, but a reconnaissance in force. But the truth seems to be that the Russians expected no more resistance at Pekin than they encountered at Tung Chow, and that observing the Tung Pien gate to be lightly defended they had at once proceeded to attack it. The original agreement among the allied forces, however, had been that the general attack on Pekin should not be made until the 15th, the two days prior being devoted to getting the troops into position and making reconnaissances. But since the Russians had commenced the attack, it became necessary for the Japanese to attempt the same course without delay, so as to prevent the isolation of one part of the allied forces. The Ninth Brigade was selected to attempt to effect an entrance, while the cavalry manoeuvred on the north and northwest of the city."

The advance was commenced from Ta Wa Chang on the 14th, at dawn. The Tsewa gate was the objective point. The weather was beautiful and the troops presented a splendid appearance as they advanced to the attack. As the Ninth Brigade advanced, the Twenty-first, with the staff, moved out of Tung Chow. These troops moved rapidly into position about 1,300 metres from the Tsewa gate. They afterwards, though, bore to the right and took the Tung Chih gate from that point. Outside the Tsewa gate there is a stone bridge, and here the advance halted and the scouts came in reporting that the enemy were ranged on the wall in fighting order. The artillery of the fort came into action on one wing and the infantry advanced under cover of fire. The enemy opened a severe fire from the wall, and the Japanese troops pushed on gradually, finding cover in the houses on either side of the road.

Approaching the gate they found the walls and tower intact and so high that to scale them was out of the question. Moreover the system of defence was very complete, so that the troops advancing to attack the gate would find themselves exposed to flank fire from the adjacent parapets.

On the other hand, unless the gates were quickly breached and entrance effected, the troops pushing up in the rear would find themselves in a species of well, with bullets pouring down on them from overhead. Detachments from Nos. 1 and 10 companies tried to force the gate, but failed. Major Sakai then led the foremost Battalion to the gate for the purpose of blowing it up with gun cotton; but the enemy's fire was so heavy that it was found impossible to effect this purpose. The casualties at this stage were very heavy. The artillery received orders to fire upon the enemies crowding the wall. From their position on a knoll, 1,500 metres from the gate, the 16 guns and 14 field pieces kept up an incessant cannonade. The enemy had a considerable number of guns, but seemed to be ill-supplied with ammunition, for their fire was feeble. The artillery fire drove the enemy under cover, but the forward detachments of Nos. 1 and 10 were all this time lying under the wall, unable to advance or retreat. As their position had become temporarily hopeless, the infantry were drawn off and an artillery fire concentrated on its gates. It was impossible through shells to reach the gate, and several attempts were made to carry forward gun cotton; but the men could not cross the zone of fire. Lieutenant

Yasaki was killed in an attempt to carry forward the explosive. The attacks of engineers being considered hopeless in the daylight, they were therefore abandoned until after night-fall; but the bombardment of the gate continued.

After nightfall the task of blowing up the gate was entrusted to a detachment of engineers and Lieutenant Taska and seven sappers were told off to blow up the outer gate, and Corporal Sugimoto and seven sappers were assigned to blow up the inner gates. At 9 p. m., the men stripped themselves completely, in order to escape the enemy's notice and prepared for the attempt. It was a fine moonlight night, but fortunately a shower of rain fell as they went forward, and the overcast sky gave them opportunity. The enemy, evidently prepared for such an attack, opened up a heavy fire; but the little engineers pushed on resolutely, and succeeded, although their ranks were sadly decimated, in blowing up the gates. Thereupon three battalions under Major Sakaki charged the gates, swept away the enemy and effected an entrance. The two leading battalions rushed off cheering loudly to the Japanese legation, and the third was sent to assist in the attack on the Tung Chih gate; but as the latter had already been destroyed they returned and took possession of storehouses at the Tashwa gate. The remainder of the Japanese forces hurried off to assist in the attack made by the Russians on the Tung Pien gate; but they soon learned that the Russians had effected an entrance. The Japanese entered there in succession to the Russians. The Russians had encountered unlooked for resistance and had many killed and wounded. Many also fell into the hands of the Chinese.

"The Tung Pien gate does not give direct entrance to the city. The Hata gate, at a considerable distance, had also to be entered. The Hata gate, however, had not been breached by the Russians. It was standing intact. Between the gate and the ground there was an interval sufficient for a man to creep through. Into this interval Captain Hayashi thrust himself, carrying an electric lamp. He was able to ascertain that the gate was formed of a single panel and that the enemy was not in sight. Accordingly, he and ten men crept under the gate, and ascending the parapet found that the gate was constructed so as to be raised and lowered in a groove. They raised it sufficiently to allow the passage of a horse and the Japanese troops entered, the Russians following.

"It was impossible to describe the delight of the long besieged foreigners and the warmth of their thanks. The ladies brought out brandy to the troops and did not seem to be able to express their gratitude sufficiently.

"But we were not the first to reach the legations. The Indian troops were before us. Apparently, the British officers found a special route to the centre of the city, and this they took with a small force of Indian troops. It was a brilliant achievement. While the rest of the forces were assaulting the city, the British officers effected a rapid entrance elsewhere. Their plan of action was this: Between the Japanese and British legations runs a canal, which has its exit under the city wall. The point where the canal emerges is guarded by an iron grating, which does not reach fully to the surface of the canal. It happens that the water in the canal was extremely low, and the British officers, taking advantage of the fact, led a body of Indian troops under the grating, an approach against which the enemy had made no sort of preparations. These troops reached the legations at 2 p. m., on the 14th.

"On the morning of the 15th the Japanese, who had proceeded to the legation, were told off to guard the Tung gate, and the other battalion given charge of the legations. A company of the latter proceeded to the finance department and took 2,000,000 taels of silver."

THE NEGRO QUESTION.

It Presents Great Problems and the Church Must Settle Them.

Southern Churchman.

There is a wise and old proverb which says and says well, that "man's extremity is God's opportunity;" that when men have learned their weakness and incapacity and ignorance and futility in some great and momentous work, then is the time they are most ready to turn to God and call mightily on Him to bare His arm and reveal His might, and do for them what they are incapable of doing for themselves. To our mind, there is no more momentous question under discussion in this country today than the so-called "Negro question." This question involves so much for both races, is so far-reaching in its results and consequences, is so vital to our civilization in its issues, comes so close to us in our lives, that it seems strange that any thinking person could treat it lightly or trivially. And that it is really a vitally important question is shown by the place and space it occupies in public thought and discussion. Politicians, scientists, philanthropists, educators, and very many others are constantly discussing it from almost every conceivable standpoint. And the curious part of it is that they seem unable to come to any practical conclusion. Not long since it was a painfully sectional question; but this phase of it seems happily, to have passed away. Now it is being discussed in every section, fairly dispassionately; but with painful pessimism. As an instance, we clip the following from an editorial in the Chicago Journal:

"Among the perplexing problems, upon the solution of which depend the health and happiness of our republic, is the 'problem of the American Negro.' What are we going to do with him? The riddle of existence seems scarce harder to read, while the riddle of the Negro may and must be.

"Much has been thought, spoken, and written upon this question. What has it come to? Nothing. Whether has a logical consideration of it led? No. Where. At every turn a paradox. We wish that we could say something wise or helpful on this matter. We might, indeed, repeat a hundred suggestions, all well enough as far as they go; but there is the difficulty—they go so short a ways.

"Forty years ago the Negro was a slave; today he is a problem. The South disfranchises him and lynches him; the North lynch him and buys his franchise. Of the two the North uses him the worse. The South understands the Negro better than the North, and, on the whole, treats him

better. It at least gives him what he most needs—employment; and it gives it freely. But his chances of employment in the North grow fewer every year.

"In Chicago the condition of the colored man is rapidly becoming serious. He must live and to live he must have work; and work for him is getting scarce. One seldom sees a colored waiter now in a restaurant or hotel; as a house servant he is well-nigh extinct; few business houses will employ him in any capacity, though he produce a diploma from Yale or Harvard; we permit him to ride in the street cars with us, which the South does not—though we give him plenty of seat room; and we draw the social line about as strictly as they do in the South, with none of the South's compensating kindness in other ways.

"The mischief was done early. The Negro was originally a servitor, and was well content to remain a servitor. In an evil day for his race he was raised to citizenship. No one cares to seriously defend the institution of slavery. It is indefensible. But there is a middle ground, which a never-taken. We lifted the Negro to the other extreme, and when we placed him there we turned our backs upon him. For 40 years we have treated him illogically, and, in many cases, inhumanly."

In this article, as in many another, is easily detected the note of hopelessness. And of this we are glad! Yes, glad! We repeat, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," and now that political quacks and philanthropic enthusiasts have finished their experiments, it is time, and high time, for the church of God to step in and take up the burden and do the work. A fair field and a wide open door is before the church, and if she will be up and doing, working as God's faithful steward, then will God give to her the great reward and unspeakable blessing of solving what has proved to others so far the hopeless riddle.

A UNIQUE STATE.

Texas Has Paid Allegiance to the Flag of Six Nations.

Scarcely another state in the union has as remarkable and interesting a history as Texas. In one respect at least, it occupies a unique position in the history of the American states. Since its discovery six different governments have at different times claimed its allegiance, and as many different flags have waved over it, those of France, Spain, Mexico, Independent Texas, the United States and the Confederate states.

The foundation of Texas, statehood was not laid as a British colony, nor under the grant or control of the British crown, as were those of the original thirteen states. Its first settlement dates back more than 200 years, and its first American colonists were under the terms and conditions imposed by a foreign state, to whose language, laws and institutions they were total strangers. There never was, there never could be, any sympathy between these first American colonists and the Mexican government under the old regime. Separated by vast wildernesses from the people of the United States, and unsaved save by the individual efforts of sympathizing brethren therein, these colonists declared their independence, established it with the sword, and for nine years maintained a stable republic.

Texas was neither purchased nor conquered for the union. Annexation to the United States was accomplished through a treaty made by Texas representatives and ratified by the free suffrage of our citizens. No other state in the Union has had such a varied experience or sailed through such stormy seas into the haven of peace and prosperity.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LOOTING OF TIEN TSIN.—Into the midst of this scramble came the jack-tars of her gracious Majesty, the Queen of England, rifles in the slings over their shoulders, both hands free, straw hats on the back of their heads, eyes of amazement and grins of pure delight. Silk in rolls was new to them; but the first torn bundle was the clew. Instantly the Chinese men and women, the new element, the advent of the master spirit. Coolie after coolie, hurrying to his hut as fast as he could, paused to offer part or all of his load to the first white man he met. The sailor men filled their arms and piled it up about their feet, calling to their fellows to go get a can or bring some of their mates to help carry the stuff away. They chose it without regard to color or quality or condition. A green roll of silk was as good as a yellow coat and white fur or black made no difference to them. This was the street of the silk merchants on the afternoon that Tien Tsien was taken.

Everywhere throughout the city it was the same—the Chinese were the first to find the loot; they knew the way. Then came the soldiers and took it from them. Not all; that was impossible. There were not men enough in the allied forces to do that; but here and there a little, a selection of the best and sample of that, and of it all a great pile; but only the fraction of a little part of the whole. Hundreds of Chinese who had been slaves all their lives got enough to make them independent and their own masters. The foreigners only nibbled at the edges of the pile; the natives gobbled it all and licked up the last crumb.—Oscar King Davis in Harper's Weekly.

TILLMAN IS PLEASED.—Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, is in Washington attending to some business before going into the campaign for Bryan. He will go from here to West Virginia where he will be on the stump talking against "imperialism," for a week. He expresses himself as very well pleased with the general outlook for Democratic success this fall, and says that judging from what he reads and hears, not yet having been much outside of his own state since the Kansas City convention, he thinks the indications are that Bryan will be elected.

Mr. Tillman has just got through with a not and a queer fight for supremacy in his own state, where he has been supporting the dispensary system against the opposition of both the Prohibitionists and the liquor men. He says that the victory of the dispensary system is complete. Though there has been no opposition to his re-election to the senate, he placed his seat at stake by voting that he would not accept re-election if the dispensary was defeated. He says that more than two-thirds of the legislature will sustain the dispensary, and his re-election to the senate will be practically unanimous, as the Democrats of the legislature will vote for him.—Washington Star